

My dear Sir:

Stonington, March 5, 1831.

I have already acknowledged the due receipt of your letter of the 17th ultimo on the margin of a number of my paper, and you will now receive as an excuse why I have not attempted a reply thereto before, my absence from the post editorial.

Your apology for silence is received by me with a better grace than your thanks for my imperfect notice of the Liberator, and what you are pleased to term my defense of your principles, because I consider that your apologizing on such an occasion will put my reasons in countenance, and withal feel that I am undeserving of the encomiums your thankful gratitude has so soon poured on my brief labors in behalf of yourself and the poor slave. I repent - no thanks are due to me for the little I have attempted in the cause which has enlisted the energies of your mind for its advancement. Rather, I ought to take shame to myself that I have not done more, and that better.

My allusions to you, Sir, as you remark, must have been as unexpected
as my feeble aid was unsolicited; but my first impressions of your
talents were favorable, from what exhibitions I saw of them in extracts
from your "Times": afterwards I heard of you, through the medium
of Prentice, late of the Hartford Review; and soon after I established
the Phoenix, I learned that you had been thrown into prison
in Baltimore. My spirit was enkindled at the intelligence. I had
never read your article on the black-hearted scoundrel of a Todd,
but I had your "letter", and I knew in my soul that you were im-
mured unjustly. My indignation of you, and retort in your persecuting
enemies, was warm - enthusiastically so - but not as fiery by one half
as I am ready to show myself again, under like circumstances.
It exhibited a portion of what you have had heaped on you, as
quoted, for "delusion" et cetera, and I forwarded to you the two
papers containing what I had said; not, however, from a wish to
purchase a compliment for my pains, but simply to let you know
that there was one more ready to become your friend, while you should
prove yourself the unbleaching champion of the oppressed victims of an
unrighteous bondage, - one, who, though a youth, as it were, was ready to
suffer any privation, and endure the storm, of the most friend-like

persecutions, that the high object at which you aim, might be fully accomplished. In adopting, and fearlessly pursuing this course, in a small degree like you, I have met only the coarse attacks of vulgar brutes, and the ridicule of those who fairly insult plain old common sense by claiming to be its offspring. But in commencing this letter, I did not design to show myself so much of an egotist as I have done. You will pardon me this once, inasmuch as the present writing may be considered as a sort of introduction to your friendship and correspondence.

I have long had implanted in my mind a rooted abhorrence of slave-trading and the system adopted in this boasted "land of the free and the home of the brave"; and every month's experience, especially the light which reaches me through your columns, have given life and vigor to these plants of being. God grant that they may so expand and increase, that my after life, as well as yours, shall reap the blessed fruits. Here, then, I mingle with you my devout aspirations of hope, and from your impulse "take courage from the signs of the times." Surely, it is a period for the gathering together of the sons around the Genius of Universal emancipation, that her hosts may be reckoned, and the attacks on the strong-holds of oppression and gory-fronted crime, planned for execution. The flag which is unfurling itself from the clouds of other and darker times, has written on it the watchword "Forward - to victory!" in sun-beam characters; and the thunder which are muttering in the distance, proclaim the utter discomfiture of the cunning, gold-hungry slave-dealer, as he retires before the contest into merited disgrace.

I must defer any further remarks until my next letter, which shall be longer, and I

certainly hope, better than this. I am too discursive, at this moment, to do justice to myself, if
it was in my power at any time to do it to the subject. I am prepared to sympathize
with you, my dear Sir, most entirely - and am as fully prepared to rejoice with you. In my
own ineffectual way, I will endeavor to prove myself a brother indeed.

Accept assurances of sincere esteem from

Charles W. Denison.

Paid.
Paid / L/n

Stonington
4 March 66

Mr William Lloyd Garrison,

Editor of the Liberator,

Boston
Mass.